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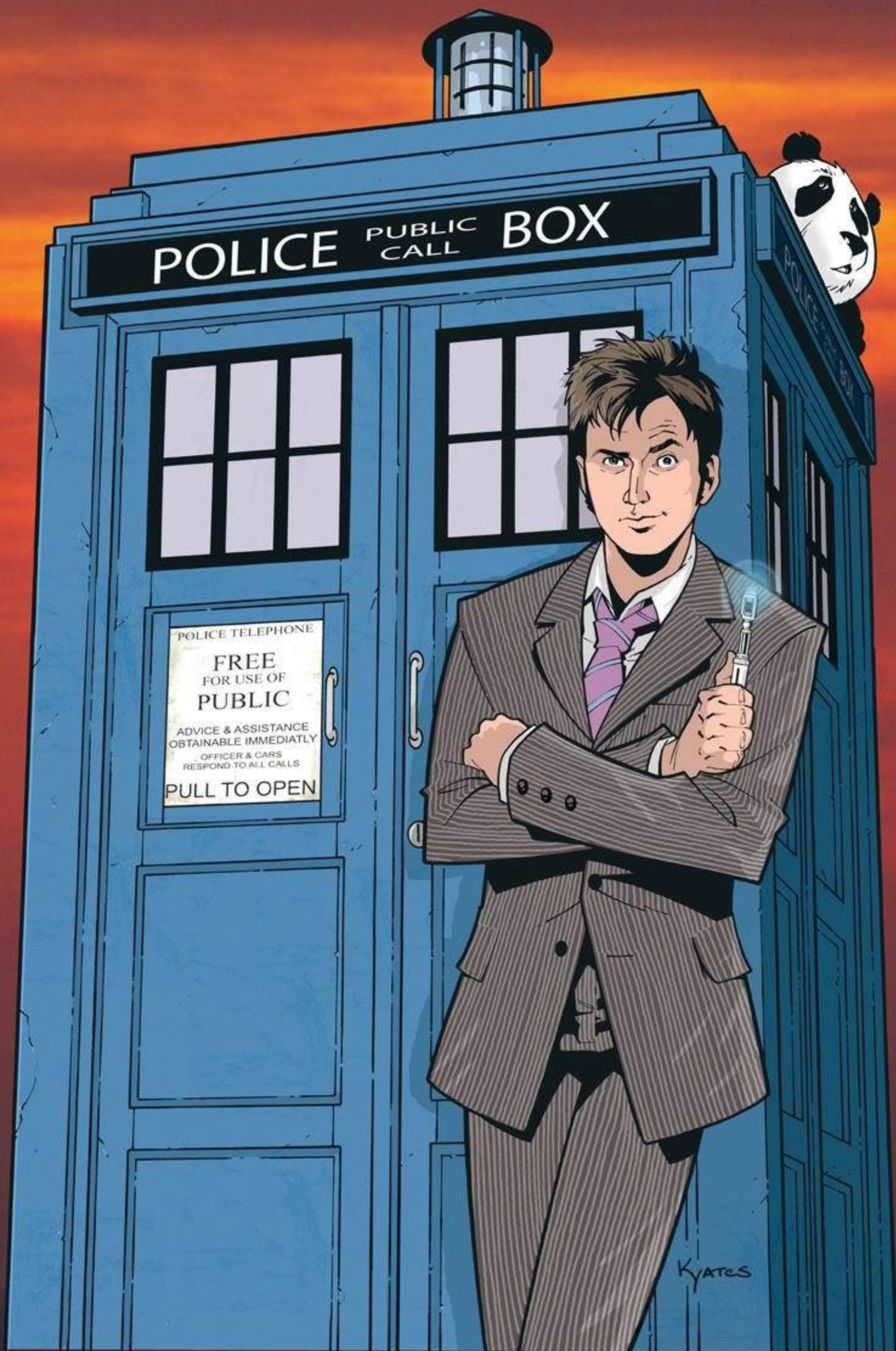
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The Doctor

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"Ground Control" 1

Story: Jonathan L. Davis

Art: Kelly Yates

Colors: Phil Elliott

Letters: Robbie Robbins and Neil Uyetake

"The Big, Blue Box" 23

Story and art: Matthew Dow Smith

Colors: Charlie Kirchoff

Letters: Neil Uyetake

"To Sleep, Perchance to Scream" 34

Story, art, colors: Al Davison

Letters: Neil Uyetake

"Old Friend" 45

Story: Tony Lee

Art: Matthew Dow Smith

Colors: Charlie Kirchoff

Letters: Robbie Robbins

Edits by: Denton J. Tipton

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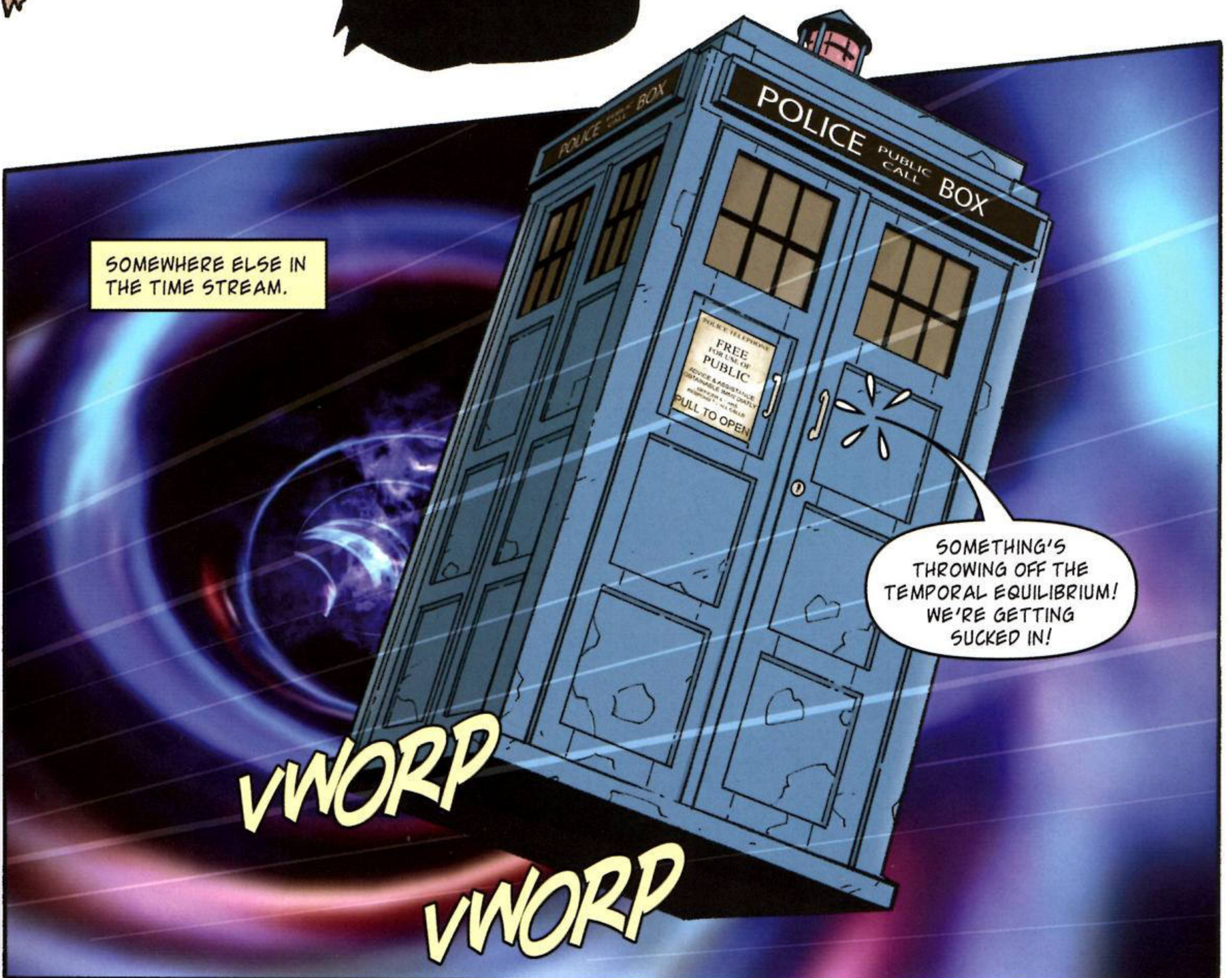
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SOMEWHERE IN
THE TIME STREAM.



SOMEWHERE ELSE IN
THE TIME STREAM.

SOMETHING'S
THROWING OFF THE
TEMPORAL EQUILIBRIUM!
WE'RE GETTING
SUCKED IN!

VWORP
VWORP





HELLO THERE.
I'M MISTER K. SAFETY
PATROL. INTERSTELLAR
TRAFFIC DIVISION.

YOU'LL FORGIVE
THE TRACTOR BEAM,
I HOPE. I KNOW IT
MAKES FOR A BUMPY
RE-ENTRY.

UH, OKAY.
WE'LL MAKE
YOURSELF—

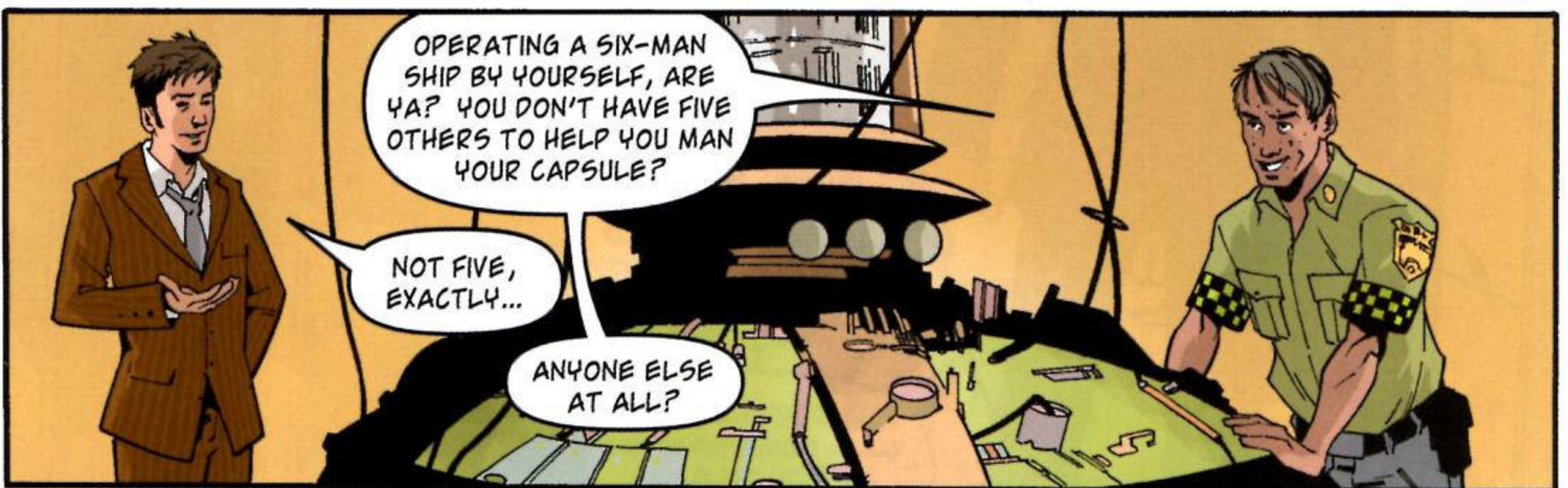


A TARDIS! I'VE HEARD OF
THESE. NEVER THOUGHT
I'D SEE ONE!

—AT HOME...

AND AN OBSOLETE
TYPE-40 AT THAT. TIME
AND RELATIVE DIMENSION IN
SPACE. AN AMUSING ACRONYM.
YOU NEED SIX PILOTS TO MAN
THIS VEHICLE, TRUE?

WELL, UH—



OPERATING A SIX-MAN
SHIP BY YOURSELF, ARE
YA? YOU DON'T HAVE FIVE
OTHERS TO HELP YOU MAN
YOUR CAPSULE?

NOT FIVE,
EXACTLY...

ANYONE ELSE
AT ALL?



NOT RIGHT NOW, I'M AFRAID.
USUALLY I'VE GOT A COMPANION
OR TWO, BUT I'M QUITE CLEVER
AND—UH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING
UNDER THERE?

GROUNDING
YOUR SHIP, SIR.

THAT'S NOT
POSSIBLE—

SHOOM

—I STAND
CORRECTED.





DOCTOR,
ARE YOU ANGRY I'VE
NUETRALIZED YOUR SHIP?
DISAPPOINTED?

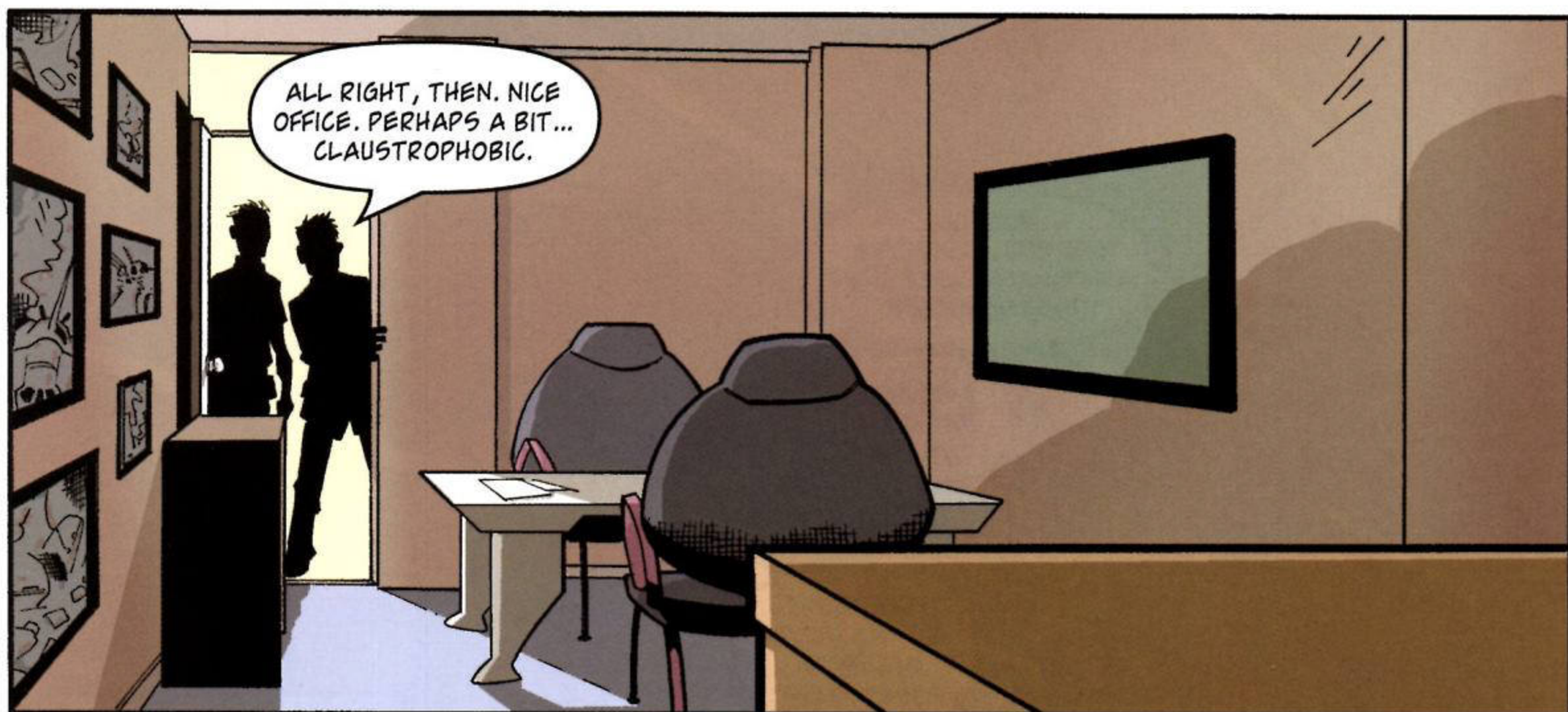
I WOULDN'T
PUT IT LIKE
THAT—

ARE YOU
CONFUSED?

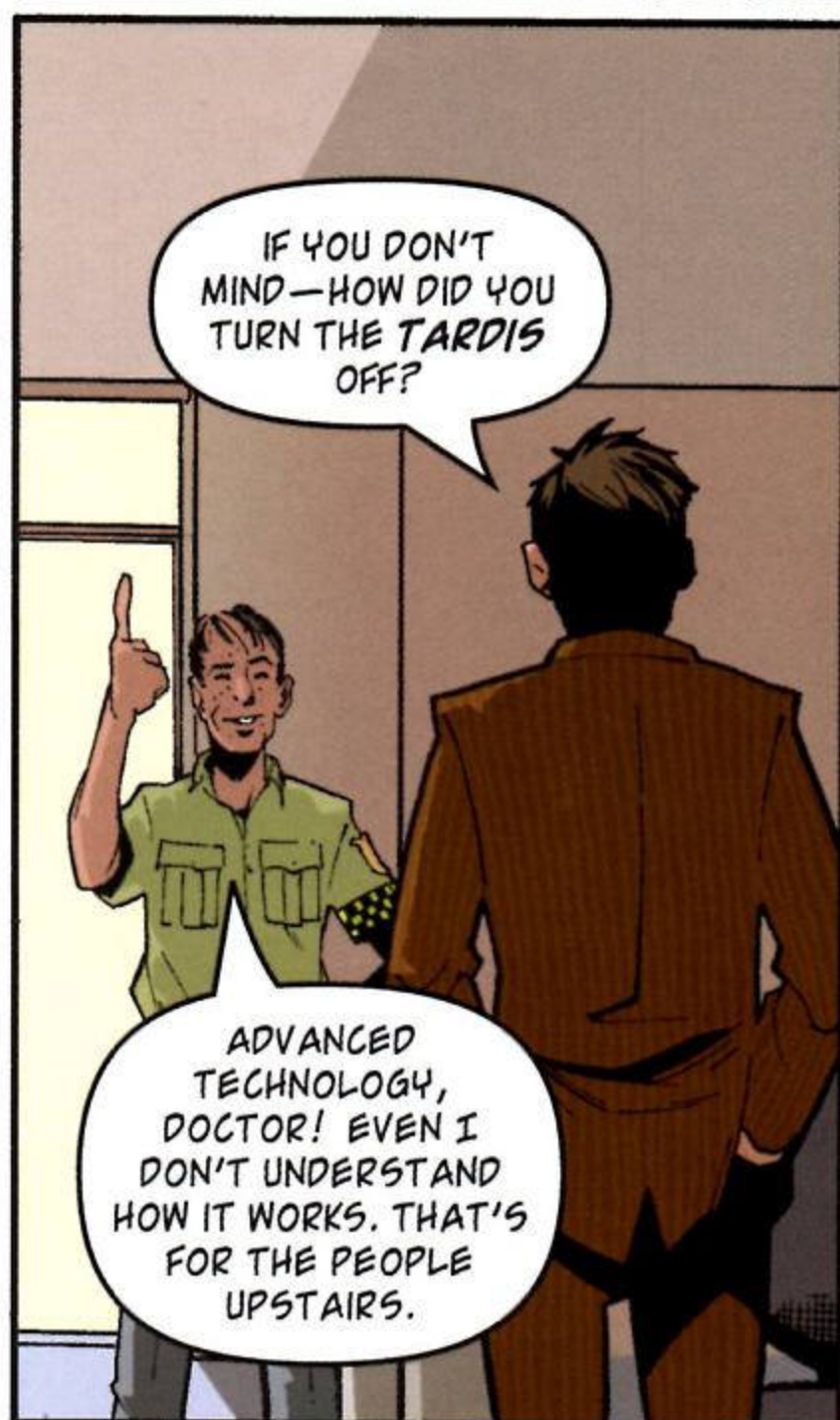
THAT MIGHT
BE THE MOST
ACCURATE
ASSESSMENT.



PLEASE STEP
INTO MY OFFICE.
PAINLESS, I
ASSURE YOU.



ALL RIGHT, THEN. NICE OFFICE. PERHAPS A BIT... CLAUSTROPHOBIC.



IF YOU DON'T MIND—HOW DID YOU TURN THE **TARDIS** OFF?

ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY, DOCTOR! EVEN I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT WORKS. THAT'S FOR THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS.



I REGRET TO INFORM YOU, IT STAYS OFF WHILE I DETERMINE WHETHER YOU'RE A DANGER TO THE GREATER COSMOS.

I'M NOT A DANGER. I'M QUITE HELPFUL, I ASSURE YOU.

OF COURSE YOU ARE. YOU'RE A DOCTOR. YOU MUST FORGIVE ME.



FORGIVEN.



WE BROUGHT YOU IN BECAUSE YOU'RE PILOTING FAIRLY COMPLEX TEMPORAL SHIFT EQUIPMENT AND WE HAVE EVIDENCE YOU'VE NOT BEEN ADHERING TO SAFETY REGULATIONS.

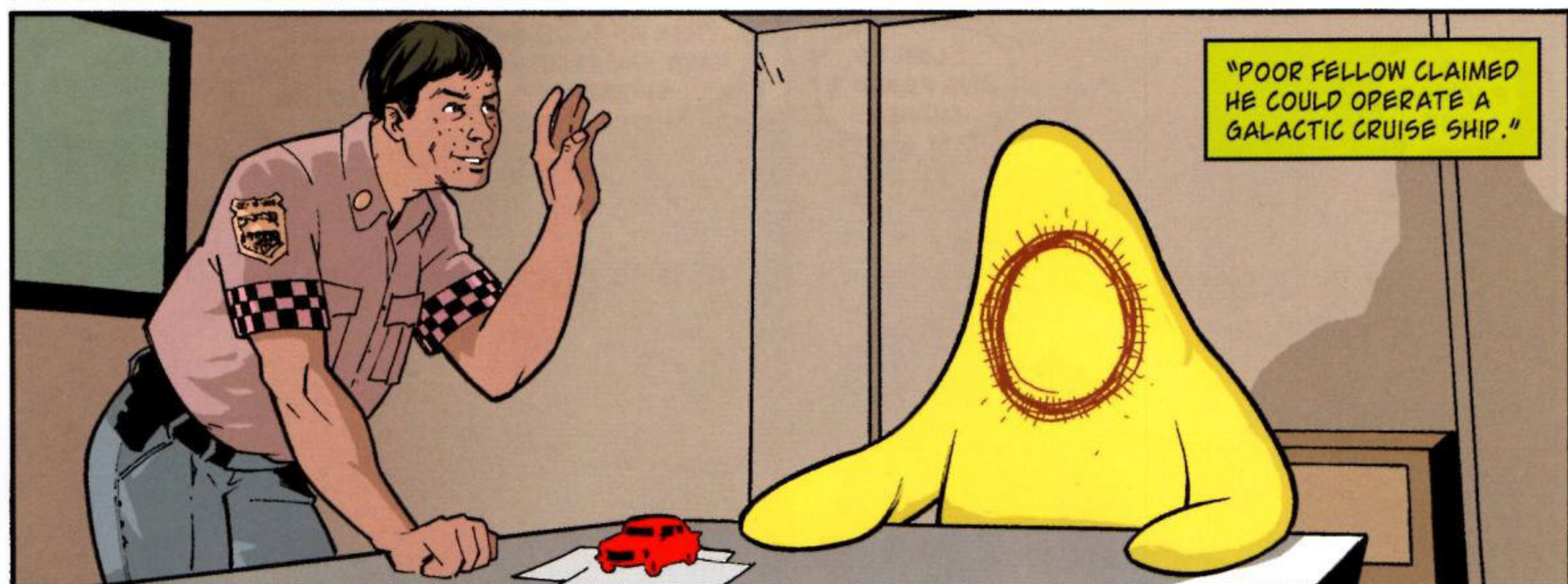
EVIDENCE? WHAT KIND OF EVIDENCE?



DON'T BE EMBARRASSED. I'VE BEEN HERE FOR A LONG TIME. I'VE SEEN AND HEARD IT ALL, BELIEVE ME.

BACK BEFORE MY DIET, I HAD A SINGLE-CELL ORGANISM IN HERE.

A SINGLE-CELL ORGANISM?



"POOR FELLOW CLAIMED HE COULD OPERATE A GALACTIC CRUISE SHIP."



NICE GUY. AND FUNNY! HAD ME LAUGHING! I MEAN, NOT THAT YOU AREN'T WITTY, BUT HE WAS HYSTERICAL!



WELL, PERHAPS WE'RE BOTH FUNNY IN DIFFERENT WAYS—



—BUT I NEED TO GET BACK TO MY SHIP. SO I CAN SAVE THE UNIVERSE AND ALL THAT—



IS THAT SOME SORT OF WEAPON, DOCTOR? A LASER SHOOTER PERHAPS?

I DON'T BELIEVE IN WEAPONS. I MEAN, I BELIEVE THEY EXIST, BUT I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD BE USING THEM. THIS IS JUST A SCREWDRIVER.



A PACIFIST, EH?

I LIKE TO GIVE PEACE A CHANCE.



THEN WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS, SHOULD WE?

I SUPPOSE NOT.

THEN, PLEASE. TAKE A SEAT.



YOU'RE AN ANTSY FELLOW, AREN'T YOU? ALWAYS ON THE MOVE?

I BET. HOW FAST DO YOU THINK YOUR SHIP GOES?

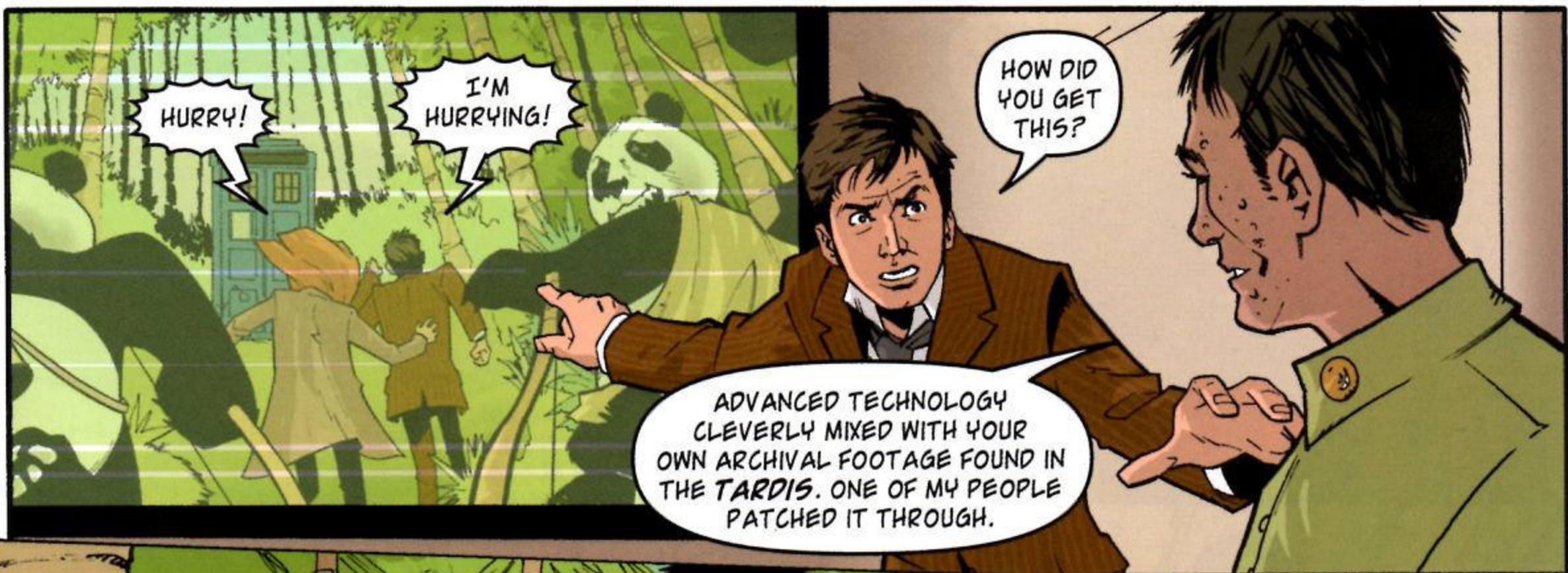
I LIKE A NICE JAUNT.

"AH, BUT YOU KNOW THE TARDIS USUALLY TRAVELS THROUGH TIME. NOT SPACE."

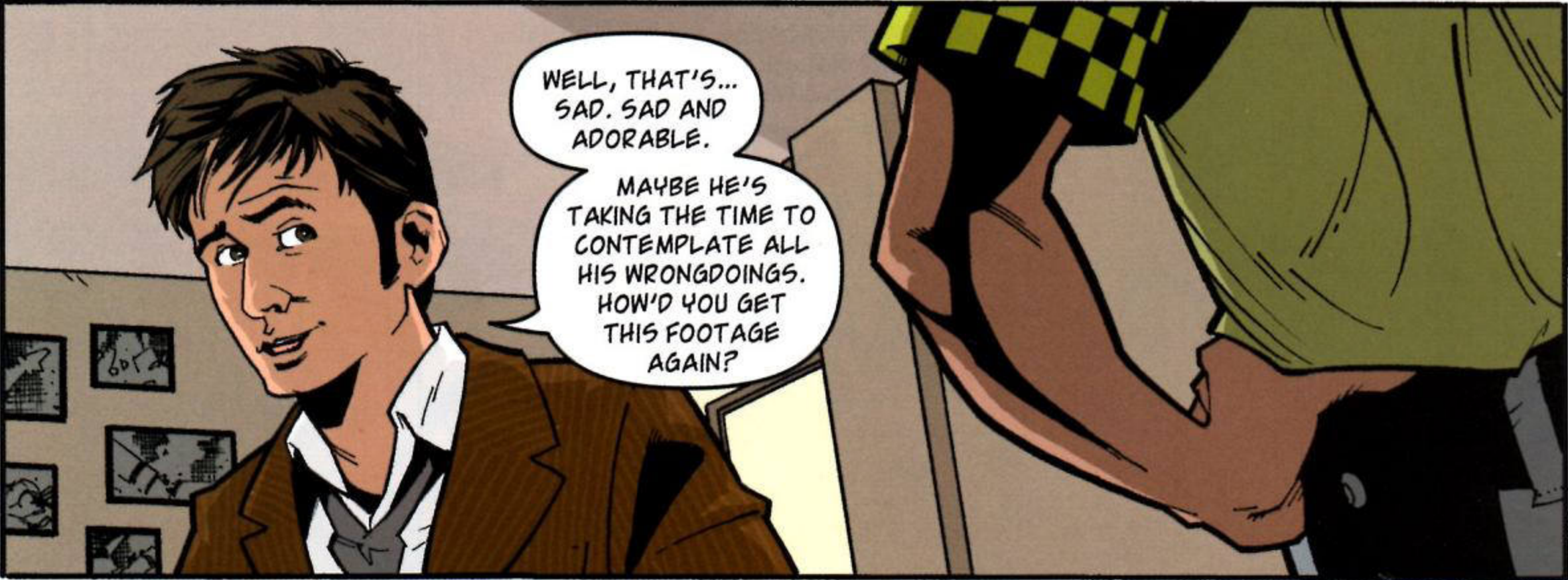
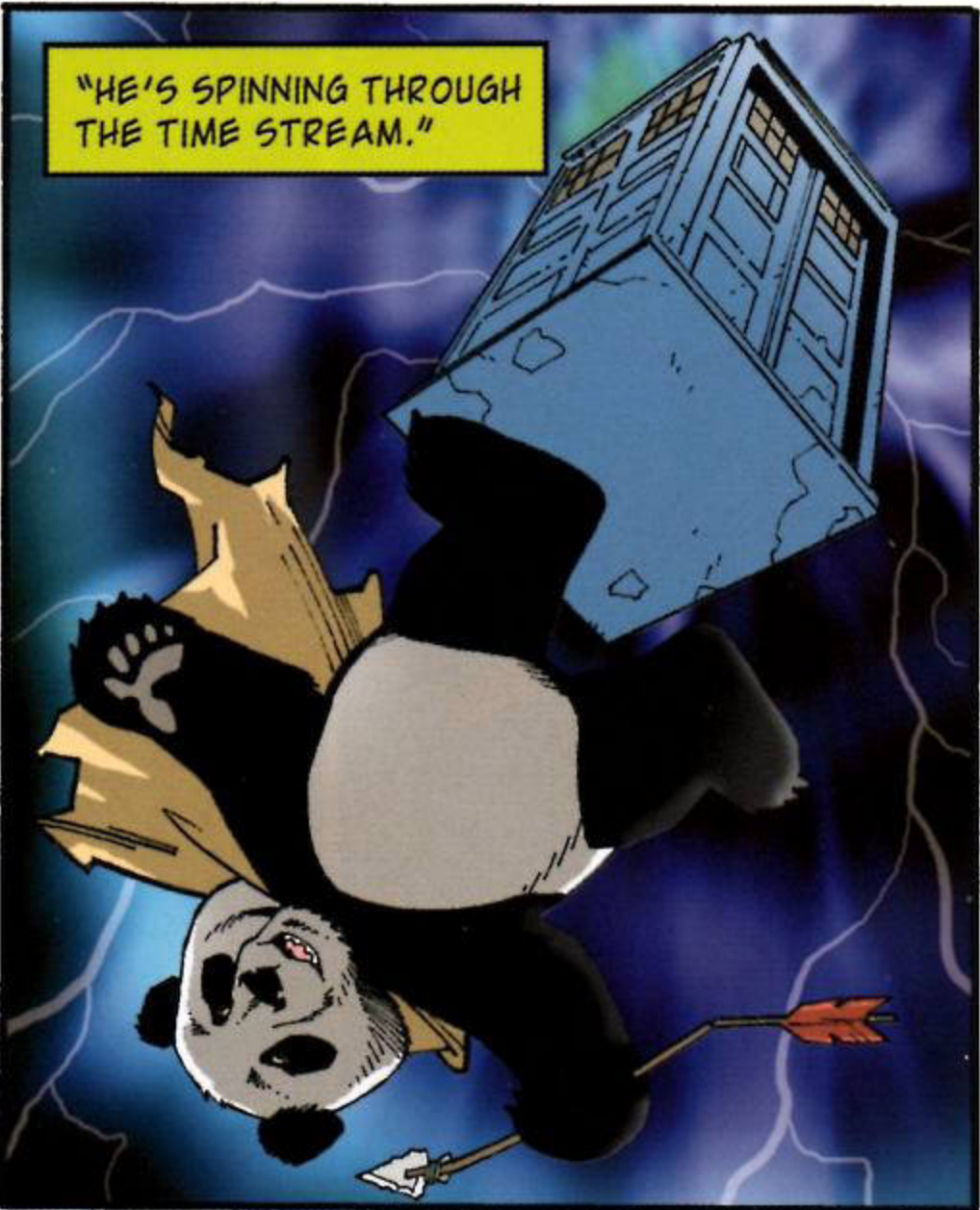


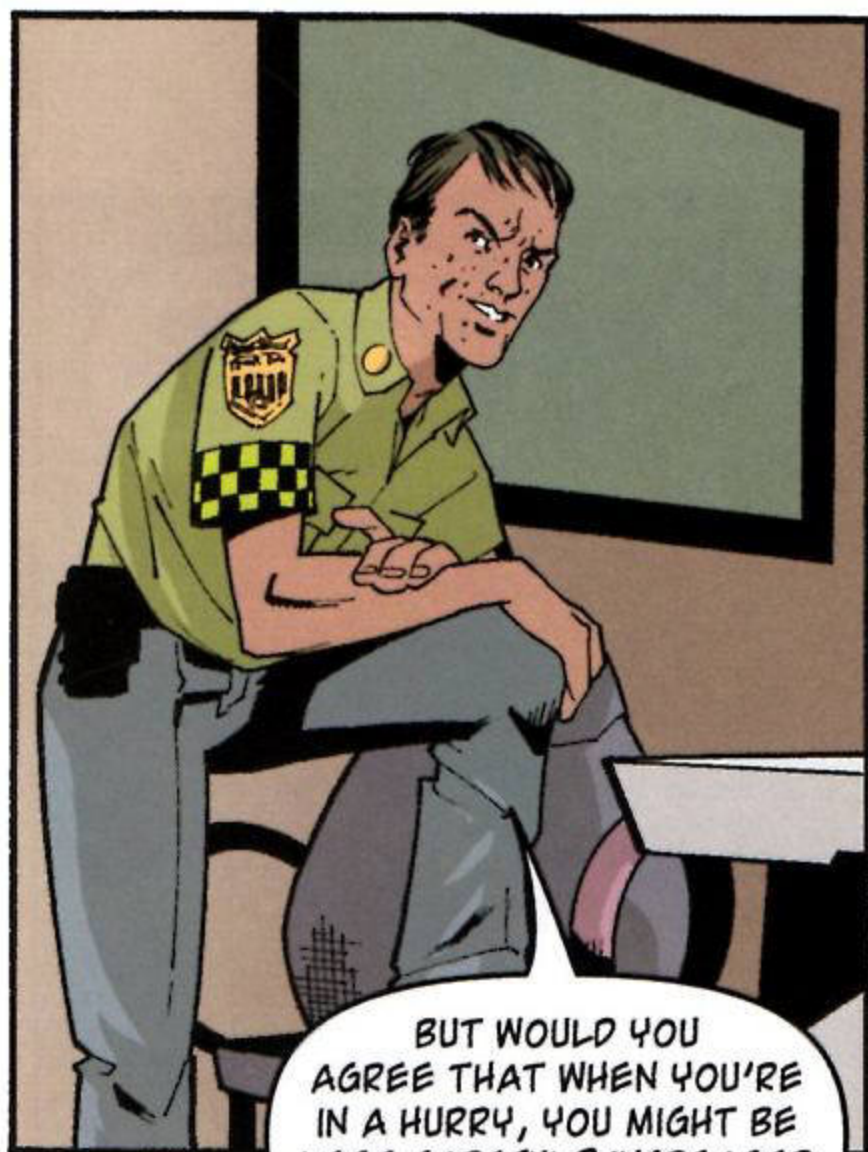
"RIGHT. AND ANYTHING BREAKING THROUGH THE THIRD-DIMENSIONAL BARRIER HAS GOT TO BE GOING MUCH FASTER THAN LIGHT, RIGHT, DOCTOR?"











BUT WOULD YOU AGREE THAT WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY, YOU MIGHT BE LESS CAREFUL? INCREASED SPEED MEANS LESS CONTROL, NO?



WHAT ABOUT WHEN YOU'RE IN AN ALTERED STATE?



DEPENDS ON WHO'S IN CONTROL, DOESN'T IT?



AH, QUITE LITERALLY. I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE FROM THE OUTSIDE.

CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS?

IT'S CALLED REGENERATION. I'M BASICALLY DYING AND COMING BACK AS MYSELF, BUT DIFFERENT.



DO YOU REALISE WHAT YOU'RE DOING?



CHEATING DEATH.
BUT ON THE DOWNSIDE,
IT MAKES ME GO A BIT
FLOOFY FOR A FEW
HOURS.



YOU RELEASE A
LOT OF ENERGY DOING
THIS. DO YOU KNOW
HOW MUCH?

HARD TO
MEASURE. MORE
THAN 1.21 GIGAWATTS,
LET'S PUT IT
THAT WAY.

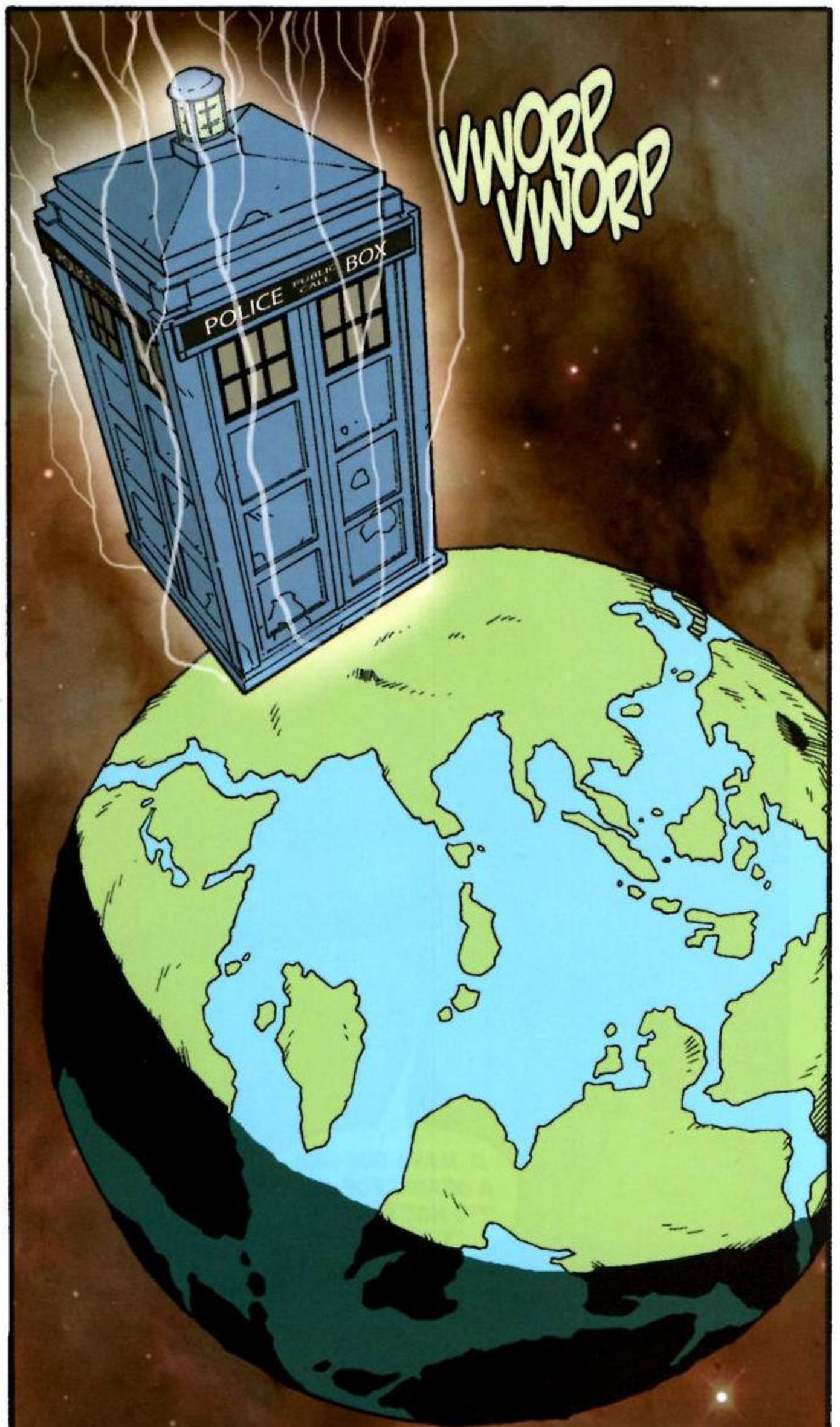


"YOU'RE TRAVELING THROUGH
THE TIME STREAM WITH THE
POWER OF THE COSMOS RIPPING
THROUGH YOU AND YOUR SHIP.

"LET ME SHOW YOU WHY
THIS MIGHT BE BAD."









I DON'T
REMEMBER
THAT.

YOU
WOULDN'T.
YOU WERE
ASLEEP.

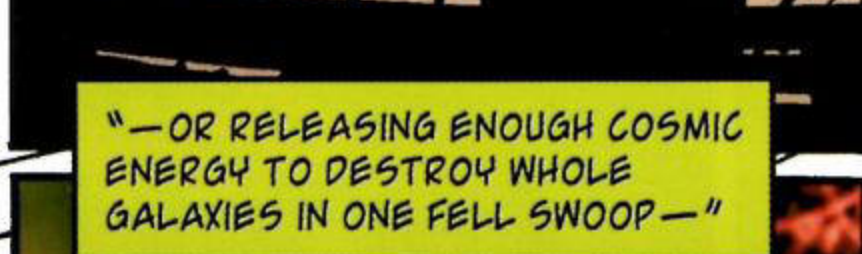
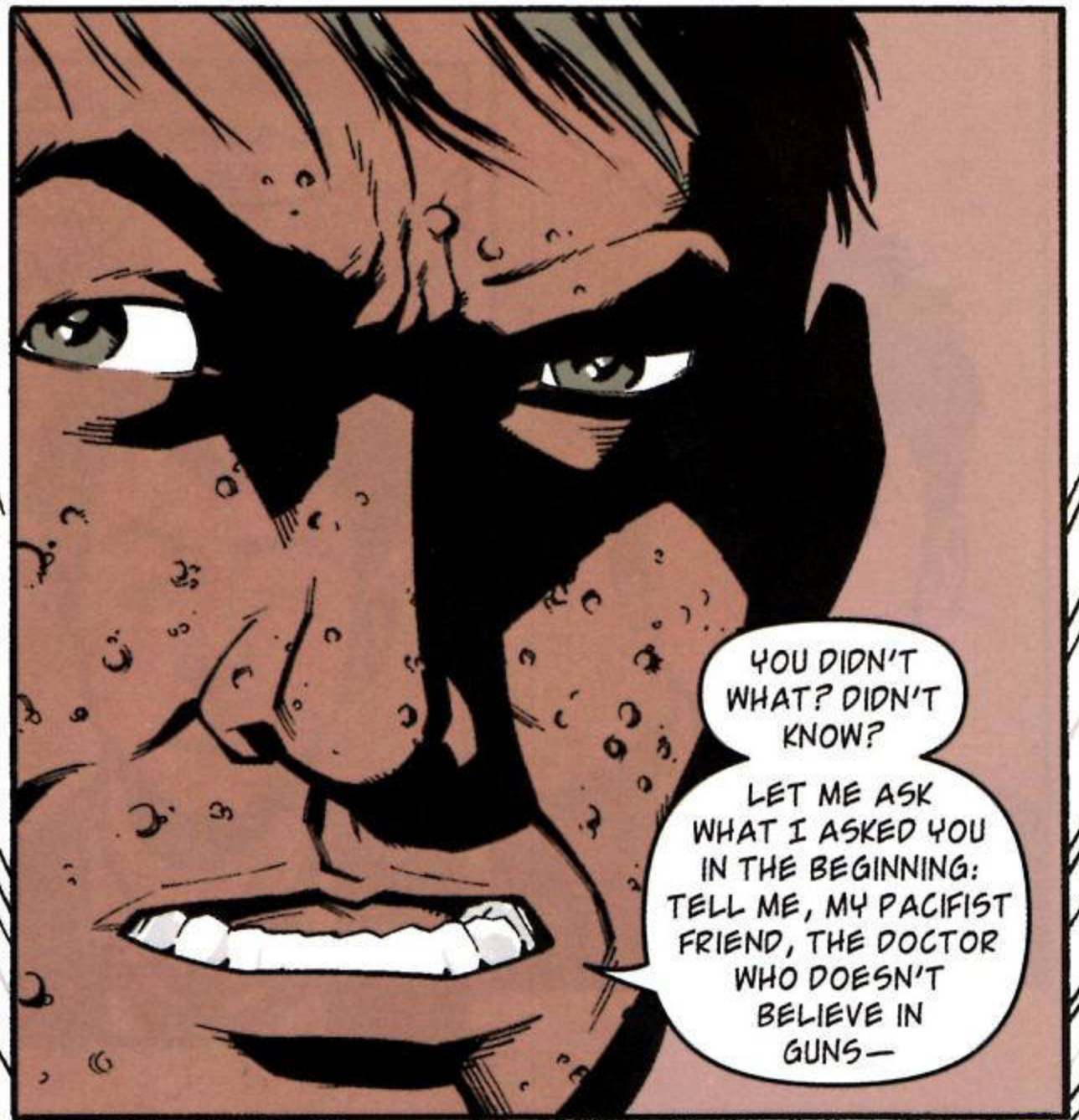
WELL, NO
HARM DONE. EXCEPT
MAYBE SOME CORN
ON THE COB.



IT MAY LOOK LIKE
A GRAIN CROP. BUT
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU
THINK IT IS.



IT WAS ANIMAL LIFE.
THAT'S HOW HUMANS
ARE CREATED ON THIS
PLANET. BIOLOGY BY
WAY OF BOTANY.







AH, THERE WE GO. HMM, DYSTOPIAN. SO DEPRESSING. I PREFERRED THE ILLUSION.

YOU KNEW! YOU KNEW THE WHOLE TIME —

THAT YOU WERE DISTRACTING ME SO YOU COULD STEAL THE *TARDIS*'S ENERGY?



MY VERY BEING IS CONNECTED TO THE *TARDIS*. SO, I HAD A FEELING SOMETHING WAS GOING ON. NICE TOUCH WITH THE FOOTAGE. I ALMOST BOUGHT THAT. BUT TOO OMNISCIENT, DON'T YOU THINK?

ALSO, REGENERATION DOESN'T WORK LIKE THAT.

BUT IT IS TRUE THAT I AM A SAFETY PATROL OFFICER, AND YOU REALLY ARE ENDANGERING THE UNIVERSE!



IT WAS THE COBALITE PANDA, WASN'T IT? THAT WAS THE ONLY STORY YOU TOLD THAT WASN'T FABRICATED. HE CONTAINS *TARDIS* ENERGY. YOU LOCKED ONTO HIS ENERGY SIGNAL UNTIL YOU FOUND ME.



HE DRIFTED OVER
MY PLANET. OUT OF
CONTROL. SLIPPING
THROUGH THE TIME
STREAM. JUST LIKE
YOUR *TARDIS*.

I KNOW DANGER WHEN
I SEE IT. MY BROTHER
WAS KILLED BY A SPEEDING
TRADE SHIP! YOUR *TARDIS*
IS UNSAFE! I SHOULD BE
THE ONE IN CONTROL
OF IT!

I'M SORRY, BUT
NO. IF YOU TAUGHT ME
ANYTHING, IT'S THAT
THE *TARDIS* SHOULDN'T
BE COMMANDEERED BY
ANYONE BUT ME...



...YOU'LL
FORGIVE ME.



SO, IT'S JUST YOU
AND ME, *TARDIS*. INSIDE
THE LONELY TIME STREAM.
WELL, YOU, ME... AND
A PANDA.





THE FIRST TIME I SAW IT,
I WAS SIX YEARS OLD.



I LOOKED OUT MY WINDOW AND
SAW IT ACROSS THE STREET.

A BIG, BLUE BOX.

THE NEXT MORNING,
IT WAS GONE.



SOME BOYS HAD BEEN
MAKING FUN OF ME FOR
BEING ADOPTED, AND
THERE IT WAS...

I SAW IT AGAIN YEARS LATER,
THE DAY ALL THE ELECTRICS
AT SCHOOL WENT MAD.

...SITTING ON THE
RUGBY PITCH.

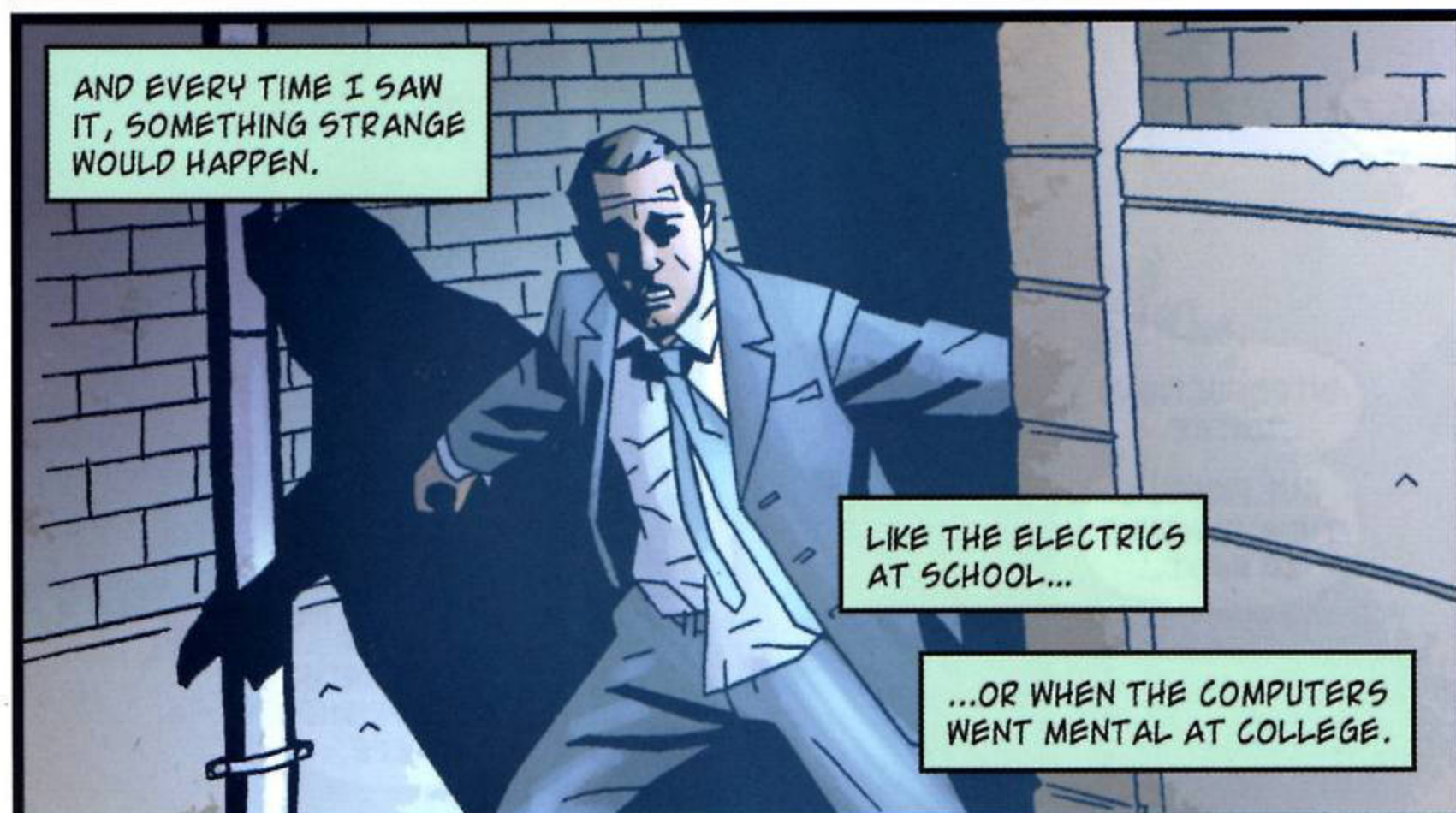


I SAW IT AGAIN AND
AGAIN WHILE I WAS
GROWING UP.

THE SAME BLUE BOX.



WATCHING ME.



AND EVERY TIME I SAW
IT, SOMETHING STRANGE
WOULD HAPPEN.

LIKE THE ELECTRICS
AT SCHOOL...

...OR WHEN THE COMPUTERS
WENT MENTAL AT COLLEGE.



EVERY TIME...



THE BIG, BLUE BOX







HE CALLED IT
HIS TARDIS.

AND IT WASN'T
JUST A BLUE BOX.

IT WAS HIS SHIP.

A WAY TO TRAVEL IN
SPACE AND TIME.

BUT HE TALKED
ABOUT IT LIKE IT
WAS A PERSON.

MORE THAN
A MACHINE.



AN ACTUAL LIVING BEING.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



IT'S DIMENSIONALLY
TRANSCENDENTAL...

BIGGER ON
THE INSIDE.



NO... I MEAN,
WHY WAS THAT
ALIEN-THING
AFTER ME?

I'M JUST
AN ORDINARY
MAN.



OH, BUT YOU'RE
FAR FROM
ORDINARY.

AND THEN HE
TOLD ME.



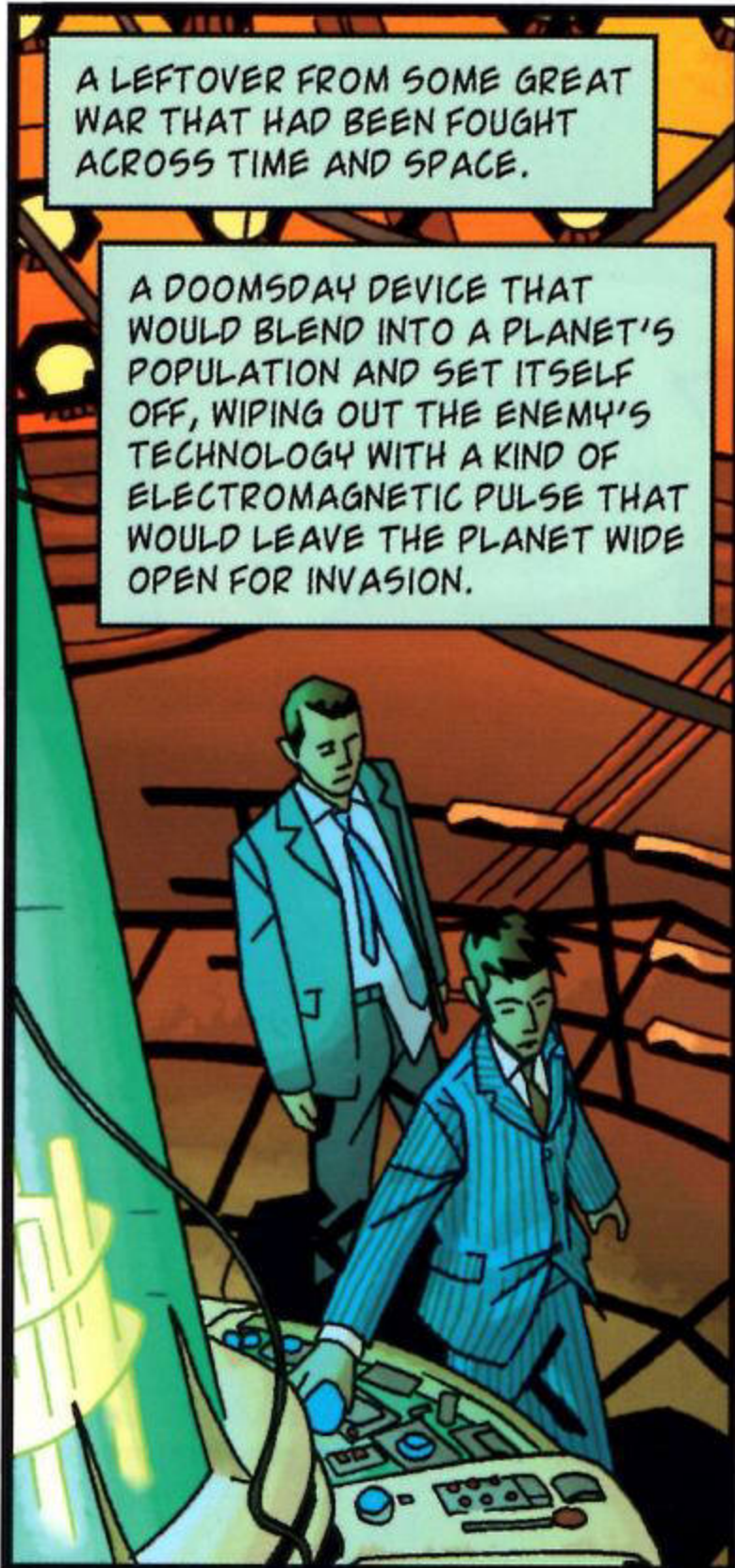
I WASN'T HUMAN.

I WAS AN ALIEN WEAPON
THAT HAD ACCIDENTALLY
ENDED UP ON EARTH.

A MACHINE. LIKE
HIS TARDIS.

LIVING, AND THINKING.

BUT NOT HUMAN.



A LEFTOVER FROM SOME GREAT
WAR THAT HAD BEEN FOUGHT
ACROSS TIME AND SPACE.

A DOOMSDAY DEVICE THAT
WOULD BLEND INTO A PLANET'S
POPULATION AND SET ITSELF
OFF, WIPING OUT THE ENEMY'S
TECHNOLOGY WITH A KIND OF
ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE THAT
WOULD LEAVE THE PLANET WIDE
OPEN FOR INVASION.



SOME STRANGE-SOUNDING
GROUP—

—“THE SHADOW DECLARATION”
OR SOMETHING?—

—HAD BANNED THAT KIND
OF WEAPON YEARS AGO.



I WAS THE LAST
OF MY KIND.



THE DOCTOR DIDN'T KNOW HOW I CAME
TO EARTH, BUT HE'D BEEN KEEPING AN
EYE ON ME EVER SINCE, TRYING TO FIND
A WAY TO NEUTRALISE ME.

BUT EVEN TAKING ME OUT
OF EARTH'S IMMEDIATE
ORBIT WOULD SET ME OFF,
DESTROYING EARTH'S
TECHNOLOGY...

...SENDING THE PLANET
BACK TO THE STONE AGE.



GUESS THAT WOULD EXPLAIN
WHY I NEVER REALLY GOT
THE HANG OF COMPUTERS.

I WAS MEANT TO
DESTROY THEM.

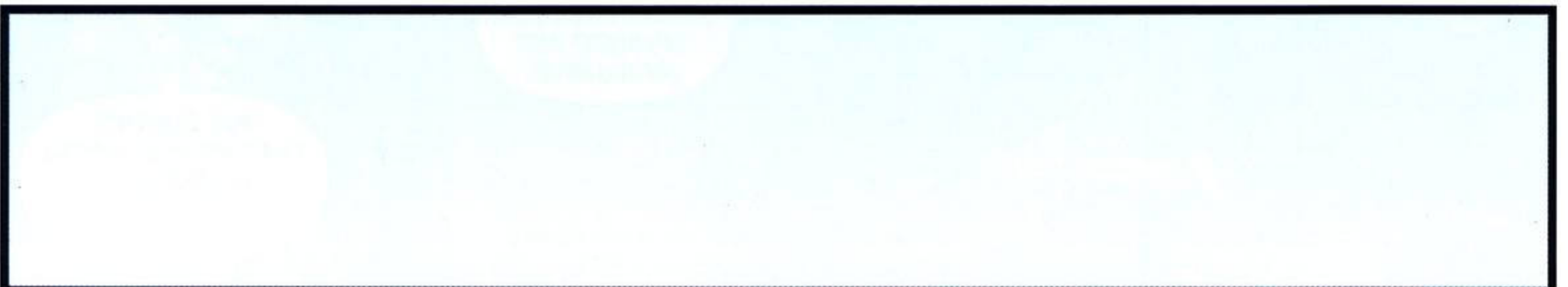




AH...
NOT
YELLOW...









WELCOME
BACK, DOUGLAS
HENDERSON.



WHAT
HAPPENED?

I THOUGHT
I SET OFF THE
PULSE.

YOU DID.



DISABLED
BOTH FLEETS
IN ONE GO.

SAVED
THE ENTIRE
PLANET.

LUCKILY, THE *TARDIS*
IS DIMENSIONALLY
TRANSCENDENTAL OR YOU
WOULD HAVE SHUT HER
DOWN, AS WELL.



THEN WHY
AREN'T I
DEAD?

OR "CEASED
FUNCTIONING," OR
WHATEVER IT IS
MACHINES DO?



RESET YOUR
PROGRAMMING WHILE
YOU WERE BUSY
GOING OFF.

TOLD YOU
THIS SONIC
SCREWDRIVER WAS
SPLENDID AND
INVALUABLE.



BUT DOESN'T
THAT MEAN I'M STILL
A DANGER TO
EVERYONE ON THIS
PLANET?



I'M SORRY.

BUT ALL I COULD DO WAS SAVE A LITTLE OF THE ENERGY IN YOUR STORAGE BANKS.



NOT ENOUGH TO EVER BUILD UP ANOTHER BLAST.

JUST ENOUGH FOR YOU TO LIVE OUT AN AVERAGE HUMAN LIFESPAN.

THEN WHY ARE YOU APOLOGISING?



AN AVERAGE HUMAN LIFE WAS ALL I EVER EXPECTED.



WELL...

...WITHOUT THAT EXTRA ENERGY TO ACT AS A BEACON, YOU SHOULD BE SAFE NOW.

ALL THAT'S LEFT IS TO TOW THE DISABLED FLEETS BACK TO THEIR HOME WORLDS.



THEN I GUESS THIS IS GOODBYE, DOCTOR.

I'M AFRAID SO.



I NEVER SAW THE DOCTOR OR THE BIG, BLUE BOX AGAIN.

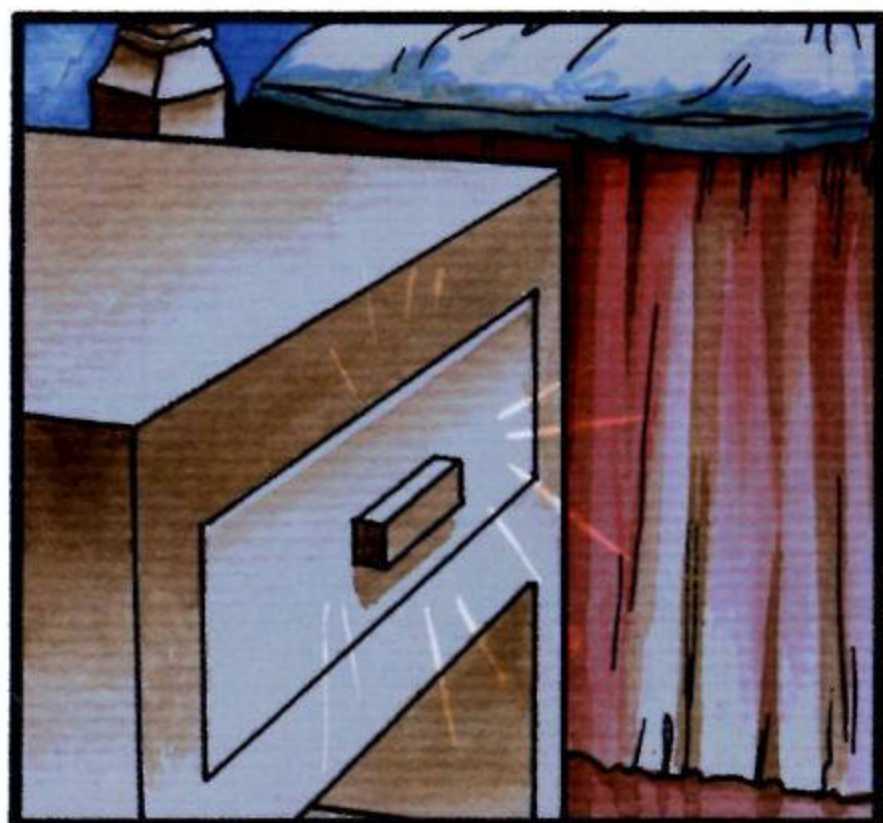
BUT I OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT THE SAD LOOK ON HIS FACE.

HE SEEMED LIKE A MAN CARRYING THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

BUT I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT AS LONG AS HE HAD THE TARDIS...

...HE WASN'T ENTIRELY ALONE.

END.



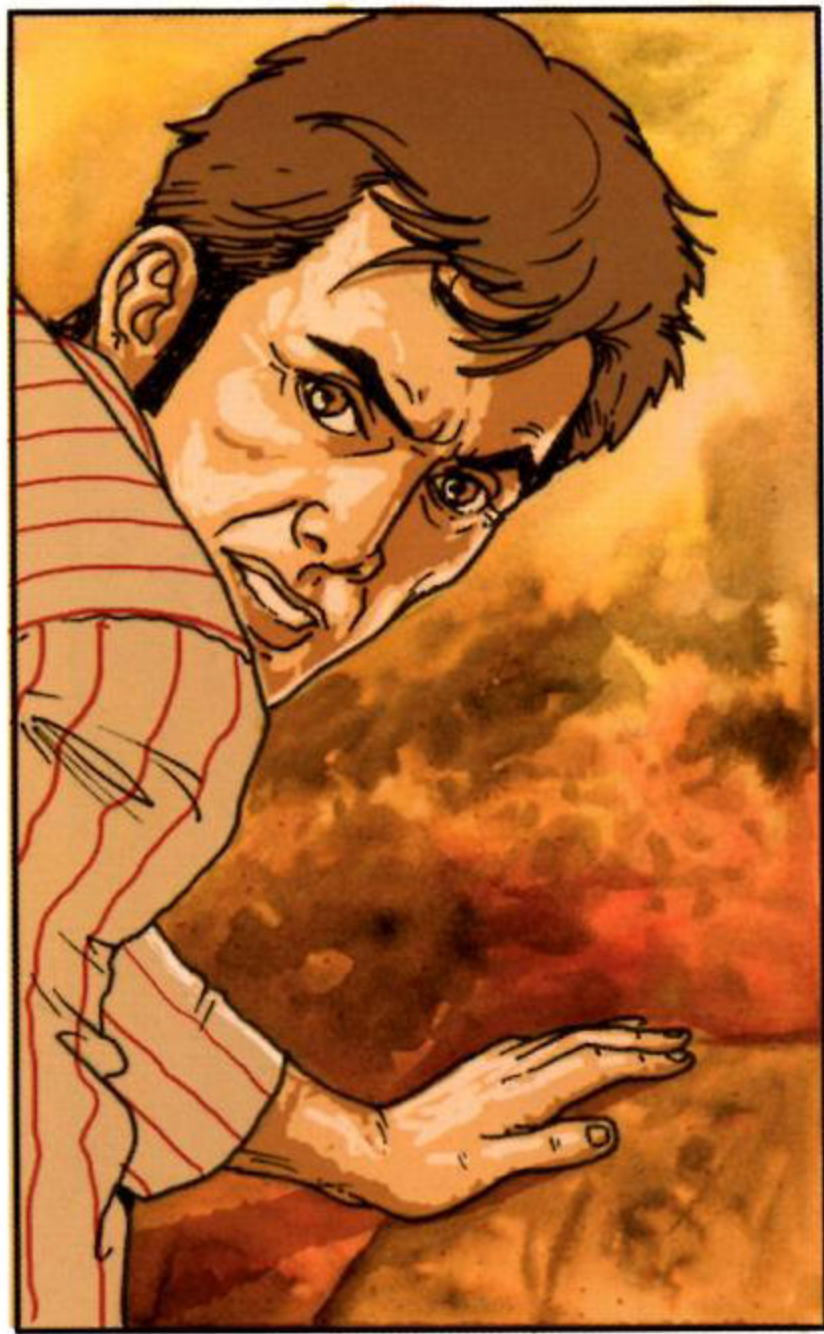


*To Sleep,
Perchance
to Scream*

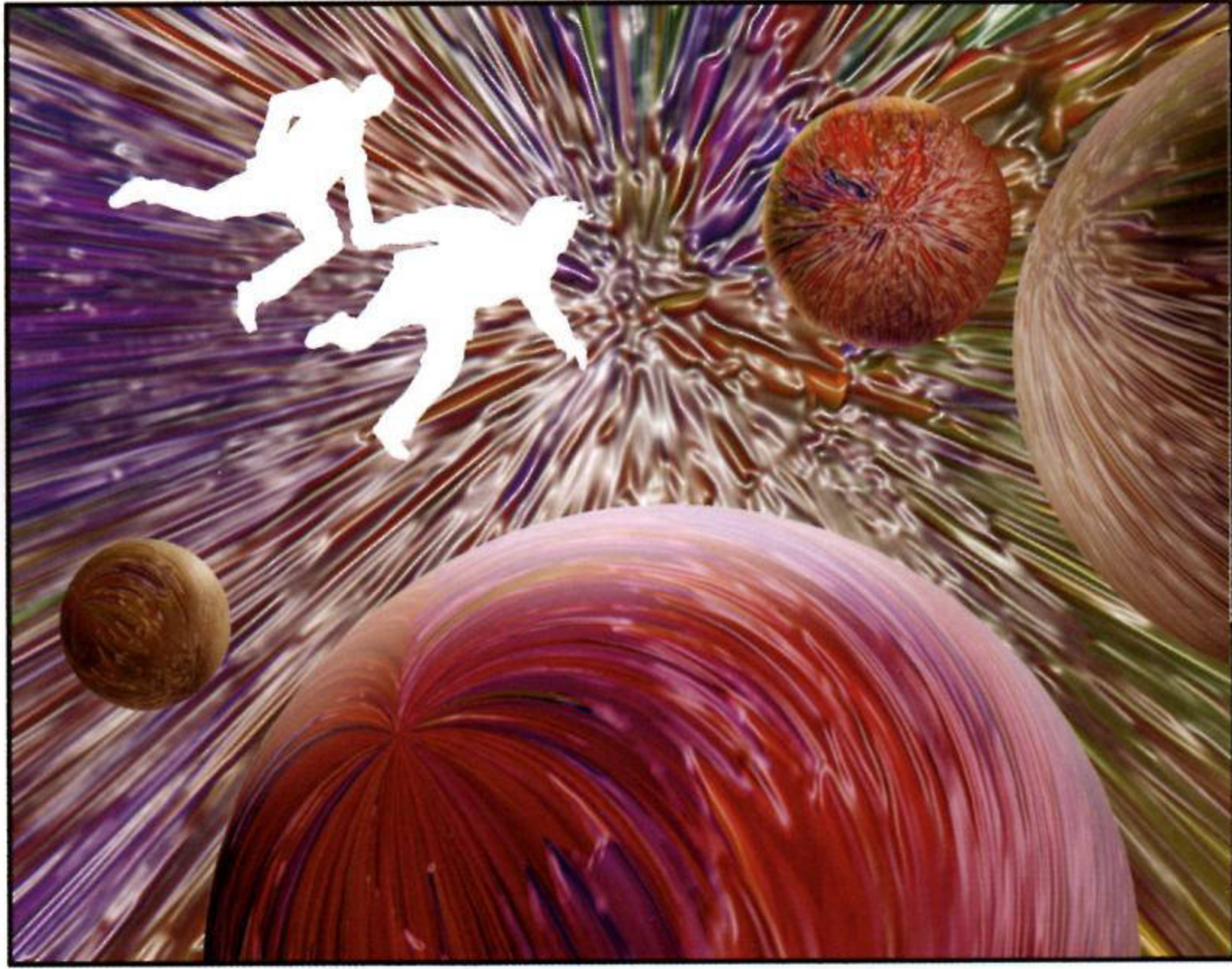


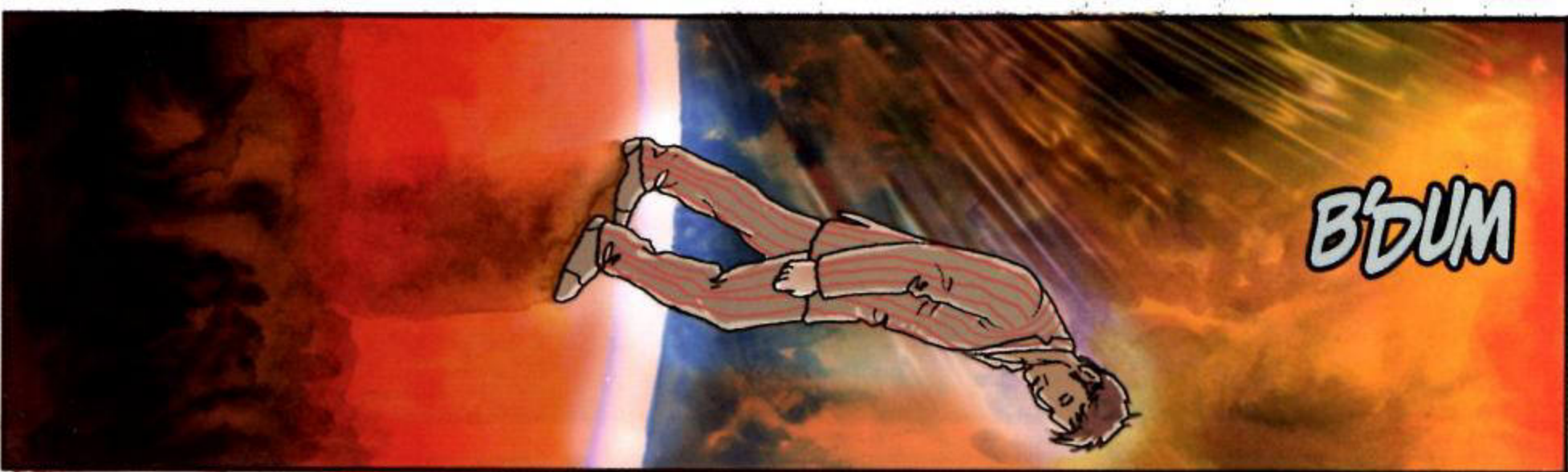




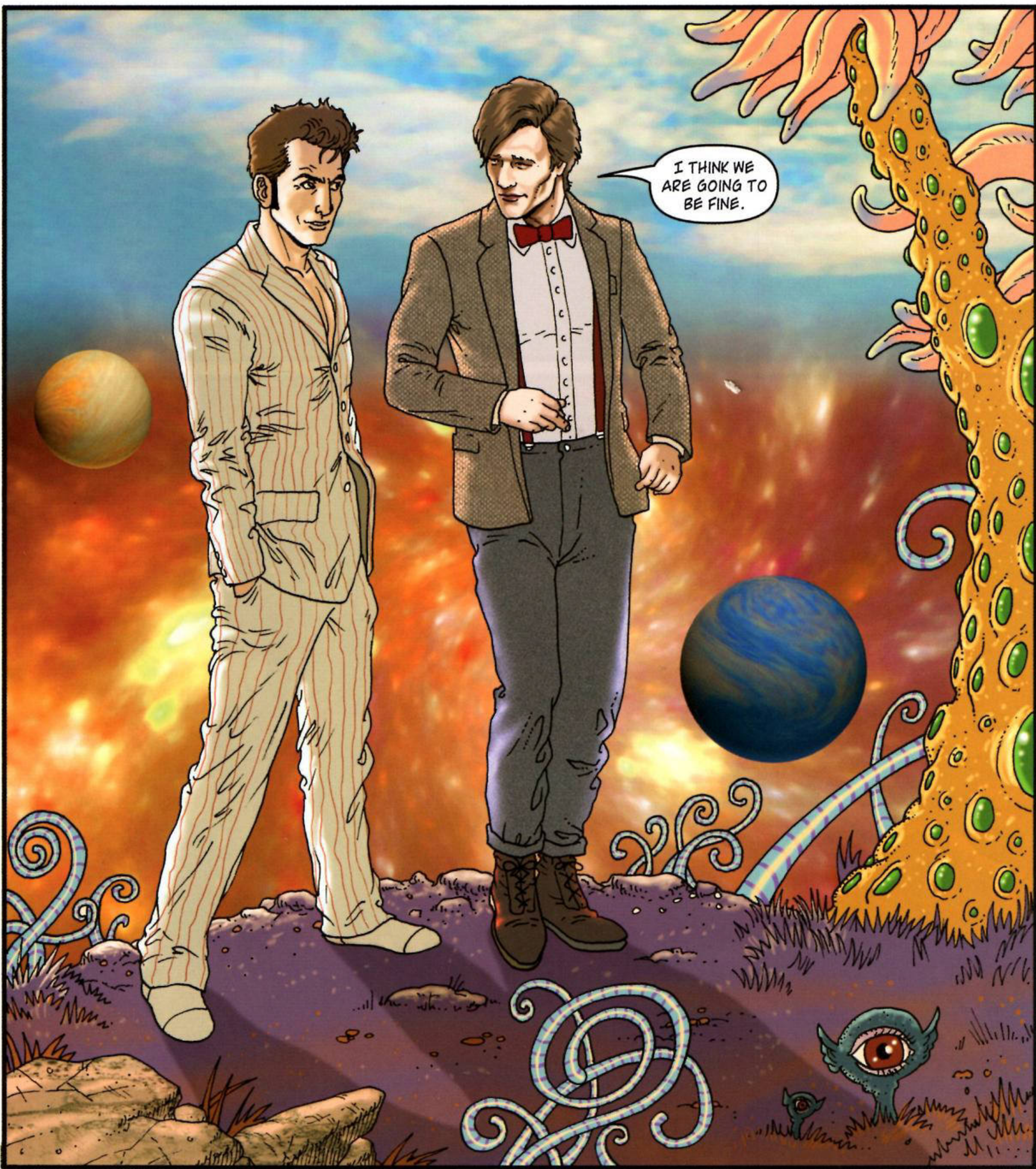


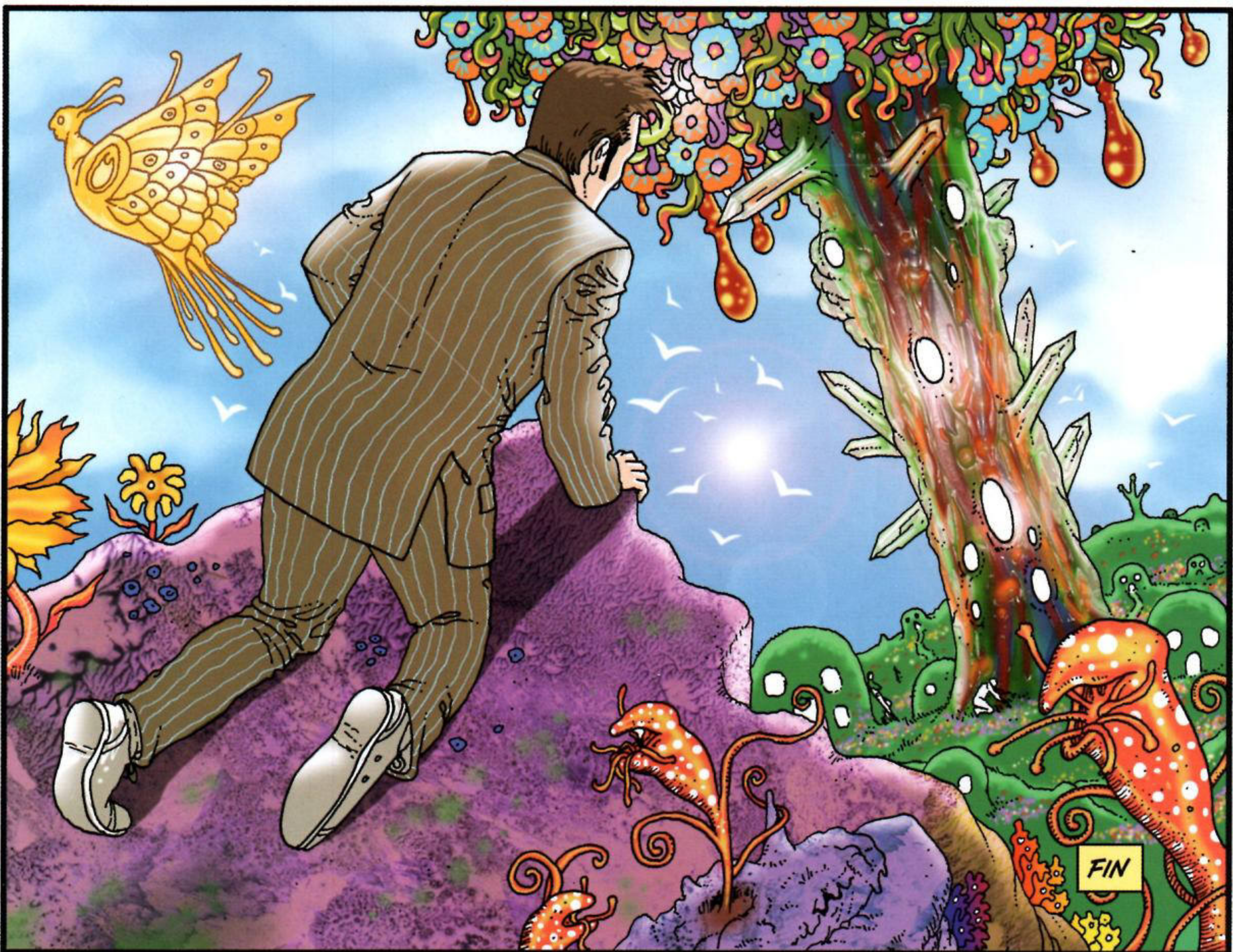












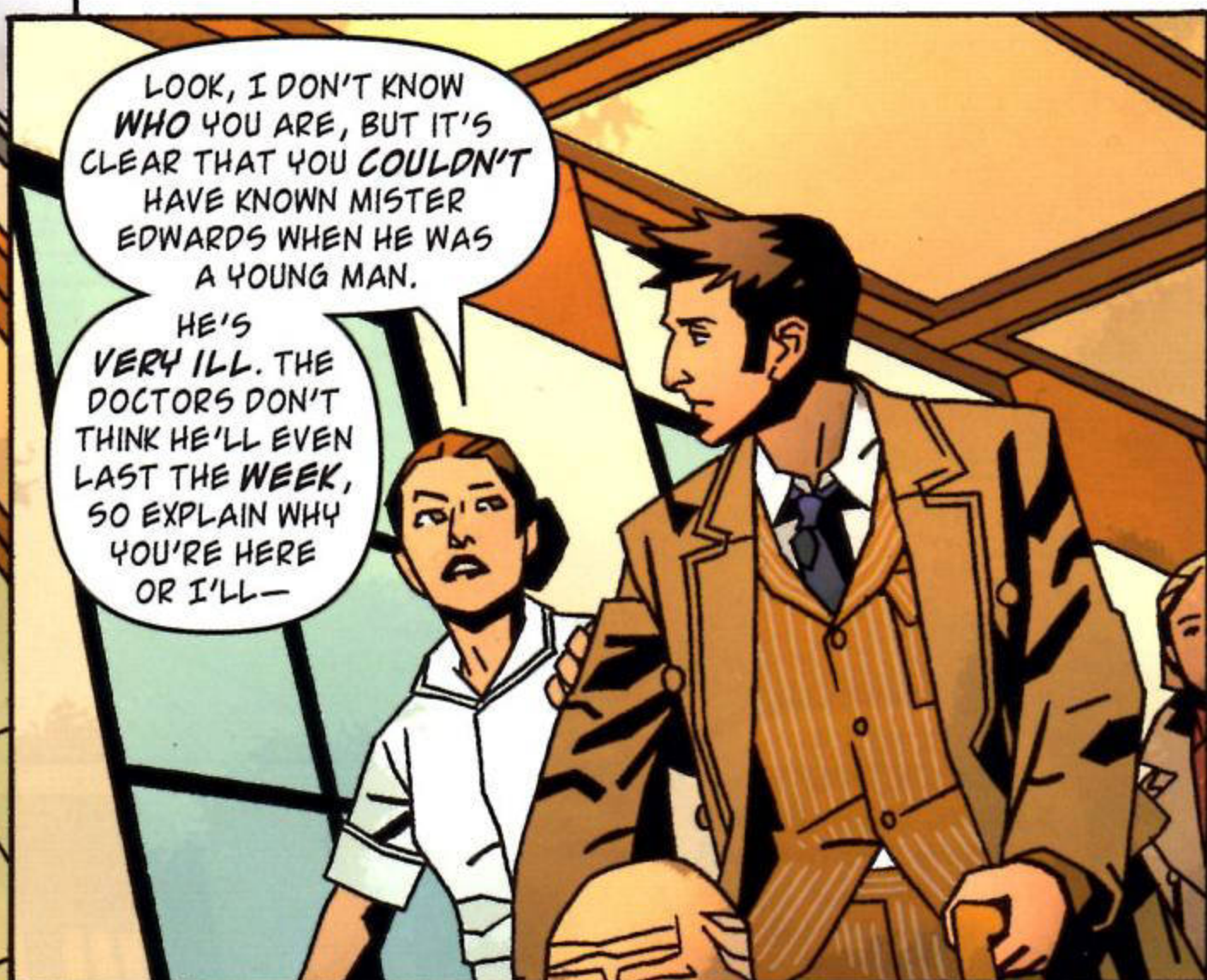




I KNEW YOU'D COME—I JUST **KNEW** IT! DIFFERENT **FACE** THOUGH. ALTHOUGH FROM **YOU**, I'D EXPECT NOTHING LESS!

NURSE, THIS IS THE ONE I SPOKE ABOUT, **THE DOCTOR!** I TRAVELLED WITH HIM WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE **TRAVELLED!** WE TRAVELLED HERE, WE TRAVELLED THERE—



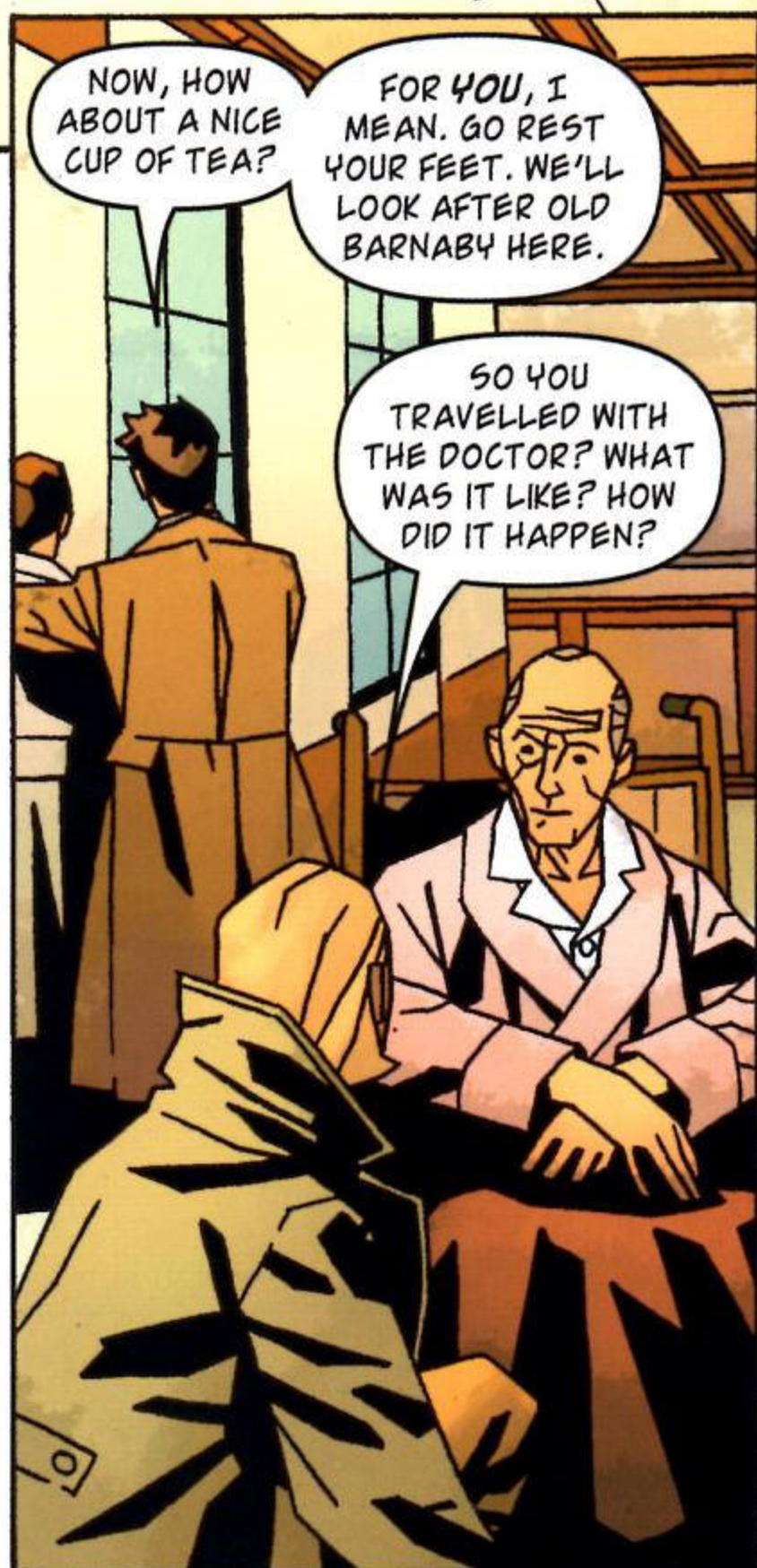
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW **WHO** YOU ARE, BUT IT'S CLEAR THAT YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE KNOWN MISTER EDWARDS WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG MAN.

HE'S **VERY ILL**. THE DOCTORS DON'T THINK HE'LL EVEN LAST THE **WEEK**, SO EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE HERE OR I'LL—



JOHN SMITH. **HEALTH AND SAFETY**. SURPRISE SPOT CHECK.

AND IF THIS OLD CHAP WANTS TO BELIEVE I'M SOMEONE I'M NOT, WHO'S TO **STOP** HIM? IT **IS** HIS BIRTHDAY, AFTER ALL.



NOW, HOW ABOUT A NICE CUP OF TEA?

FOR **YOU**, I MEAN. GO REST YOUR FEET. WE'LL LOOK AFTER OLD BARNABY HERE.

SO YOU TRAVELLED WITH THE DOCTOR? WHAT WAS IT LIKE? HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



IT WAS A **LIFETIME** AGO. I WAS BARELY **TWENTY** WHEN THE DOCTOR APPEARED!

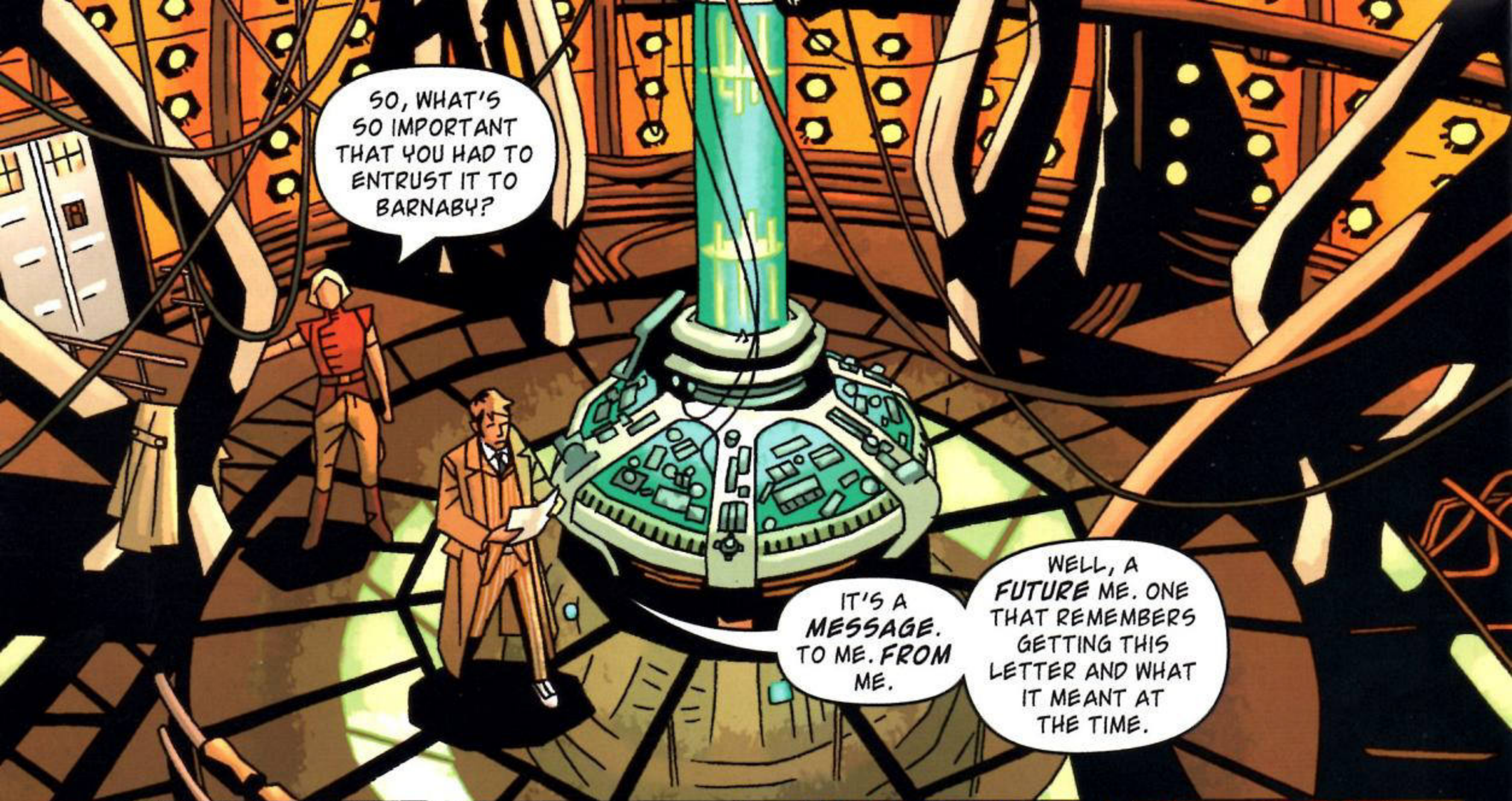
OUT OF NOWHERE IT WAS! HE SAVED ME FROM SOME WEIRD FLYING **SLUG** THINGS...

...THEN GAVE ME A LETTER ALREADY **ADDRESSED** TO ME, TOLD ME TO **GUARD** IT WITH MY LIFE!



WE HAD MANY **ADVENTURES** TOGETHER, BUT I **NEVER** LET IT GO. I KNEW THERE'D BE A TIME WHEN THE DOCTOR WOULD COME **BACK** FOR IT.





SO, WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU HAD TO ENTRUST IT TO BARNABY?

IT'S A MESSAGE. TO ME. FROM ME.

WELL, A FUTURE ME. ONE THAT REMEMBERS GETTING THIS LETTER AND WHAT IT MEANT AT THE TIME.



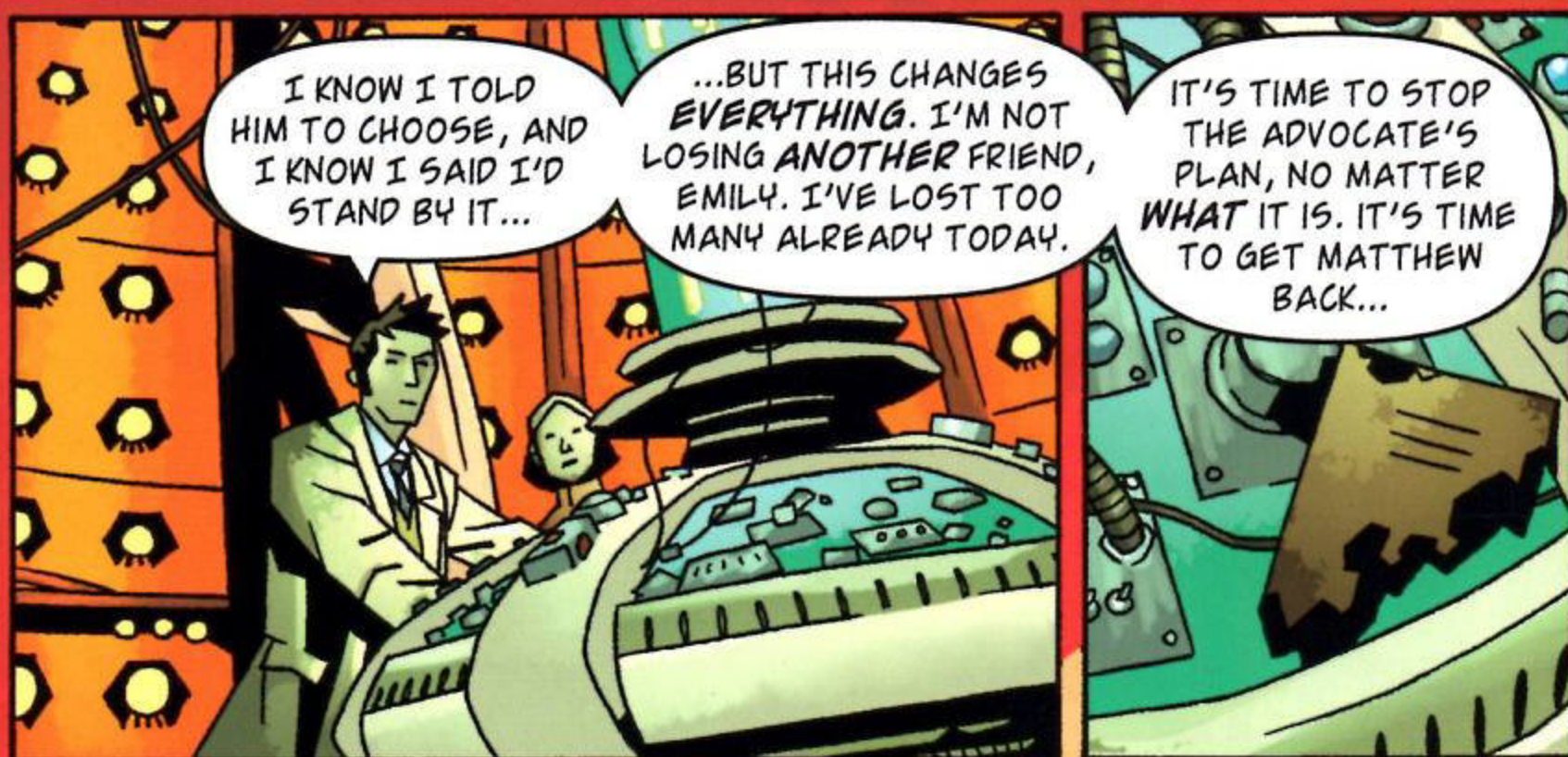
TURLOUGH'S DIARY. THE ONE MATTHEW HAD BACK AT GREENWICH.



BUT IF MATTHEW STILL HAS IT, HOW IS IT HERE? AND WHY DOES IT LOOK SO... DESTROYED?

IT'S NOT DESTROYED. YET. THE MESSAGE IS THAT IT WILL BE.

THE MESSAGE IS THAT MATTHEW IS IN DANGER.



I KNOW I TOLD HIM TO CHOOSE, AND I KNOW I SAID I'D STAND BY IT...

...BUT THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING. I'M NOT LOSING ANOTHER FRIEND, EMILY. I'VE LOST TOO MANY ALREADY TODAY.

IT'S TIME TO STOP THE ADVOCATE'S PLAN, NO MATTER WHAT IT IS. IT'S TIME TO GET MATTHEW BACK...

"...NO MATTER WHERE IN TIME AND SPACE HE IS!"



TO BE CONTINUED IN DOCTOR WHO #13: "FINAL SACRIFICE"!

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THE END IS NEAR...



"FINAL SACRIFICE"

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The TARDIS takes center stage in this oversized issue of Doctor Who, featuring these four tantalizing tales:

The Doctor gets a lesson in piloting his TARDIS in "Ground Control" by **Jonathan L. Davis** and **Kelly Yates**.

An "ordinary" man finds himself haunted by the TARDIS in "The Big, Blue Box" by **Matthew Dow Smith**.

Does the Doctor dream of electric sheep? Find out in "To Sleep, Perchance to Scream" by **Al Davison**.

The Doctor revisits a past companion and starts off on the final adventure of his tenth incarnation in "Old Friend" by **Tony Lee** and **Matthew Dow Smith**.

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